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AMARIAH CHANDLER  
AND HIS TIMES

BY JUDGE FRANCIS M. THOMPSON



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*From New England Magazine, Sept., 1906:*

HISTORY OF GREENFIELD, by Judge Thompson.

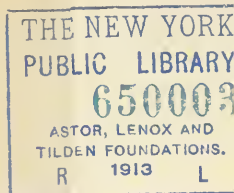
New England towns are peculiarly rich in historical matter which yearly becomes of greater and greater interest, and no town has more of picturesque value than Greenfield. Here and hereabouts seems to have been the great battle ground between the English settlers and the Indians, who were loth to give up to the white man the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. For nearly a century Greenfield was the frontier town of the region and the romance of its daily life is fascinating as well to one who reads for pleasure as to another who seeks for historic facts. Here was the hunting ground of the great Pocumtuck nation and it was at the "Fishing Falls" that Captain William Turner gave the death-blow to King Philip's career.

Judge Thompson has told the story of the town in two volumes replete with historic interest and romance, volumes which appeal with special interest to all who love the true story of the struggles and triumphs of the forefathers in the early days of New England. The books will rank with the best work of Massachusetts' local historians, for painstaking research and the vivid picture they give of municipal development.

Greenfield has been called a model New England town and Judge Thompson has certainly written a model history of it. No New England town library should be without this history. 2 vol., cloth, 8 vo., \$7.00; delivered \$7.50; trade supplied by F. M. Thompson, Town Agent, Greenfield, Mass.



compliments of F. M. Thompson. His paper was read before the Acumtuck Valley Memorial Association at its annual meeting, February, 1909, and is published in the Fifth volume of its Proceedings."



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Moses<sup>5</sup> married, June 13, 1754, Persis Harris, by whom he had five boys and four girls, Amariah<sup>6</sup> being the youngest child. She died April 13, 1799, aged 64 years. Mr. Moses Chandler's second wife was widow Susan (May) Bullard who died in June, 1822, aged 80 years.

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This Moses Chandler was a soldier under the unfortunate Major General James Abercrombie in the French and Indian war of 1758, and undoubtedly was present at the disastrous attack made upon Ticonderoga in July of that year when Abercrombie with 15,000 men was defeated with a loss of 2,000 killed and wounded. He was also at the capture of Montreal by Lord Amherst in 1760. He removed to Deerfield before 1771, as he was in that year, and for many succeeding years, the ferryman at the foot of Pine Hill on the old road from Deerfield to Greenfield. In connection with the ferry business he kept a store, and thereby hangs a tale, which is well told by Mr. Sheldon in his "History of Deerfield." "Moses Chandler was suspected of Tory proclivities; and justly, too, if tradition can be relied upon. It is said among his descendants that many a Tory while going up and down on treasonable errands, found shelter in the garret of the ferry house, and that a gable window facing the hillside was a ready means of escape to the woods on Pine Hill. Something of this kind doubtless reached the ears of the 'Committee of Safety,' and a delegation was sent to examine the premises for evidence of treason. They felt themselves abundantly rewarded when a search revealed mysterious documents written in *cypher*, which was proof enough of a conspiracy against the dawning liberties of a new nation.

"The culprit was seized, and with the evidence of his guilt was hurried before the Committee of Safety for trial. But to the intense chagrin of the zealous Whig officers, and to the hilarious delight of the Tory spectators, an examination showed that this 'damnable proof of treason,' this mysterious correspondence with the enemy, was none other, than invoiced bills of goods, bought at Albany, and made out in *low Dutch!*"

Another good story of an event which happened "in the family" although before Dr. Chandler's birth, may as well be told, and I quote from Mr. Sheldon's History: "It was in May, 1780, that a constitution for the new state was laid before the people for their examination and action in town meeting,—and the subject was uppermost in the minds of

all Whig politicians. It so happened that at this time there was lying on the bank of the river at the ferry—where it had been landed from a boat, and was waiting for transportation—a *smoke-jack*, which Esq. John Williams had just bought to place in his house, the one now known as the Wilson house. A smoke-jack was a new thing in this region, and a traveler naturally made inquiry as to what the strange looking object might be. Mrs. Chandler, who had no more sympathy for the Whigs than her husband, venting her wit and her spleen at one breath, replied: ‘Oh, that’s the new *Constitution*, that everybody is talking about now days!’”

In 1787 after a violent opposition the road from Deerfield to Greenfield was changed from the Pine Hill location to the higher land bordering the meadows, and Mr. Chandler, taking his family and goods and chattels into the ferryboat, moved down to where the three bridges now cross the Deerfield River. Later for a few years he lived in Greenfield in an old house which stood upon the bank of Green River, upon the farm now owned by Horace A. Smead. Nothing but the cellar hole remains to mark the spot. Rev. Dr. Chandler gave me this information. From this place Moses moved to Shelburne, where he died January 21, 1814.

The first child of Moses and Persis (Harris) Chandler was born in 1759 and Amariah, the youngest, in 1782. Amariah in childhood was rather delicate, and—quoting from Jones’ “History of Waitsfield”—“while a mere youth he became convinced from listening to stories of the hardship and suffering of the early settlers, and the soldiers of the early wars, that to fit himself to become a soldier, he must accustom himself to hardship and privation. To this end he dressed thinly, slept on the floor, in barns, or even on the grass, went barefooted until the ground was frozen, and indulged in hard manual labor, until all this became a fixed principle in his life. Thus from a puny child he became a large and robust man.”

In confirmation of this statement I have to say that Dr. Chandler told me that his first inception of what he

would be when he became a man, was to become a soldier—that while this idea prevailed he exposed himself to many unnecessary hardships, while the necessities of the family estate caused all the “hardening” process which might be required by any aspirant for military honors. He said that many times he woke up under several inches of snow that had sifted in through the roof over the unfinished attic in which he slept, with the feeling that he was thus preparing himself to be a soldier.

But a change came over him with added years and he declined an offered appointment to West Point. He decided to enlist in the cause of Christ, and faithfully he performed his long period of service.

By attendance at the district school and home study he prepared himself to enter college, in the meanwhile earning money for his necessary expenses, the preparation being so thoroughly done that he was enabled to enter the junior class of the University of Vermont in 1805, and was graduated in 1807. Perhaps his choice of the Vermont college resulted from the fact that his oldest sister, Persis, was married to Daniel Wilder, a carpenter, who resided at Burlington, in that state.

The young graduate at once took up theological study with his Shelburne pastor, Rev. Dr. Theophilus Packard, and was in November, 1808, licensed as a Congregational minister. He married Abigail Whitney, born February 13, 1786, on the 2d day of October, 1808, and she was the mother of his eight children.

I was always curious to know how Mr. Chandler happened to settle as a minister in a little town in the northern part of Vermont. My investigations were greatly aided by Mr. Jones' “History of Waitsfield.”

It seems that Benjamin Wait, born in Sudbury, Mass., in 1736; soldier in the Amherst campaign against Montreal in 1755–61; ensign in Rogers' Rangers; settled in Windsor, Vermont, in 1767, and became a leader among the Green Mountain Boys; captain in Hossington's Rangers, 1776; major in Herrick's Rangers, 1777; colonel in 1783; brigadier general of Vermont militia, 1786; major general, 1788; and

in his wanderings over the Hampshire Grants, had discovered this beautiful unsettled valley on Mad River, and making his desire for its possession known to Governor Thomas Chittenden he gladly granted him, and his not less than seventy settlers, a township to be known by the name of Waitsfield, the proclamation being dated February 25, 1782. He was the first settler of Waitsfield, putting up a small log house in 1789, which was soon abandoned for a comfortable mansion, in which the town was organized in 1794 and all town meetings held until 1798; and in which the first church was organized, and in his spacious barn the first preaching service was held. General Wait continued to be the leading citizen of the town until his death, June 28, 1822.

Mr. Jones says, there were "Two groups early distinguishable among the pioneers. The first, from Windsor, Vermont, and Cornish, New Hampshire, and towns in the immediate vicinity, was attracted directly by Wait himself, and settled in the center and southerly portions of the town. The second, from Shelburne and Deerfield, Mass., settled in the old North district. Indeed, there were few families in the latter group that were not united by ties of blood or marriage, and a son of the town who attained prominence in his profession has said that one winter when he attended school, there was but one, among the sixty pupils, to whom he was not in some degree a kinsman."

The emigration of our home people to this distant mountain wilderness interests us. Let us see who they are.

First comes Eli Abbott, born in New Braintree, 1758; settled in Shelburne; Revolutionary soldier; lived in Greenfield where his daughter Eunice was born in 1792, and moved to Waitsfield before 1794.

Obed, an older son, was born in Shelburne, 1790.

Erastus Allen, son of Sem Allen of Leyden, descended from old soldiers who lived in Bernardston. He was born probably in Shelburne, May 16, 1782, and went to Waitsfield with his adopted father, Jared Skinner. He had ten children born in Waitsfield.

John Barnard born October 31, 1744. Early settler at Shelburne; deacon; member of Committee of Safety; removed to Waitsfield, 1792-93; leader in formation of church—deacon until his death, April 30, 1813; married Mary Rider. Ten children born in Shelburne. His mother was Ruth, daughter of John Catlin, Deerfield.

Samuel Barnard, brother of John; born in Shelburne, October 12, 1752; Revolutionary soldier; settled in Waitsfield in 1792-93; married Abigail, daughter of Ebenezer Fisk of South Hadley; eight children.

Rufus Barnard, born in Shelburne, February 3, 1791; captain of militia in Waitsfield. Died January 1, 1874. Had eleven children.

Ebenezer Barnard, son of Samuel; born in Shelburne, November 30, 1783. Married Experience, daughter of Samuel and Mary Childs of Deerfield; died in Waitsfield, February 26, 1862. Six children.

Joseph Barns, born in Brookfield, probably February 10, 1771; lived in Conway; married Sally Seaver; settled in Waitsfield as early as 1795, but moved to Moretown before 1799.

Rufus Childs, of Deerfield, son of "Brigadier" Samuel and Mary (Nims) Childs, born February 28, 1786, settled in Waitsfield in 1809, married Philena Barnard; nine children; went to River Falls, Wis.; died September 26, 1861.

Moses Fisk, descendant of William, Salem, Mass. (about 1637), born in Shelburne, September 13, 1764; removed to Waitsfield, 1794; among the first admitted to the church; chosen deacon at first election; all but three of twelve children born in Waitsfield; selectman, 1803-04; died February 5, 1847.

John Heaton, born in Swanzey, N. H., November 20, 1744; went with his mother as a child to Charlemont, settled in Shelburne; lieutenant in Hampshire militia; called "Landlord"; died in Waitsfield, May 7, 1813; five children born in Shelburne.

Moses Heaton, brother of John, physician; born in Swanzey, N. H., December 2, 1747; minute man from Charlemont, 1775; removed to Waitsfield, 1794-95; first town clerk



until 1796; married Deborah ———; had six children born in Charlemont.

James Heaton, brother of Moses; born in Swanzey, N. H.; joined the church in Shelburne, 1779; removed to Waitsfield, 1793; selectman, 1794–98; had nine children.

Gaius Hitchcock, son of Samuel and Ruth (Stebbins) Hitchcock; born in Springfield, April 3, 1764; Revolutionary soldier; removed to Shelburne about 1786; to Canaan, N. H., 1793; to Waitsfield, 1795; died August 12, 1843; married Sarah, daughter of Capt. John and Tamar (Rice) Wells; four oldest of twelve children born in Shelburne.

Wells Hitchcock, brother of Gaius, born in Shelburne, March 2, 1788; married Polly, daughter of William and Rachel Newcomb; cabinet maker; musician; soldier of war of 1812; died August 12, 1843.

George Frederick Kidder, born in Littleton, Mass., May 15, 1798, settled at Waitsfield in 1820, merchant and farmer; married, February 15, 1829, Clarissa Naomi, daughter of Rev. Amariah and Abigail (Whitney) Chandler, born January 25, 1811.

Charles Newcomb, born in Shelburne, January 1, 1801; carpenter and wheelwright; married, November 14, 1823, Fanny, daughter of Gaius and Sarah (Wells) Hitchcock; settled in Waitsfield, and died November 14, 1882; ten children.

Joseph Comstock Prentis, born in Weathersfield, Vt., November 1, 1812, settled with his father in Waitsfield and married, August 13, 1839, Cerintha, daughter of Rev. Amariah and Abigail (Whitney) Chandler; Martha C., one of their six children, is the wife of Rev. Carey H. Watson now of Greenfield.

Salma Rider, or Ryther, son of James Rider and Mary, daughter of Deacon Thomas French of Deerfield; born in Deerfield, March 14, 1758; settled in Shelburne, went to Waitsfield before 1791; Revolutionary soldier, selectman; died November 28, 1822; married (1) Abigail Root, who died in 1800; (2) Eunice Pierce; two oldest of ten children born in Shelburne.

Phineas Rider, brother of Salma, born in Deerfield,

1760; settled in Waitsfield after living in Shelburne, in 1791; Revolutionary soldier, also at Plattsburg in war of 1812; town treasurer; selectman; died March 31, 1833; had six children, oldest born in Shelburne.

Josiah Willis Seaver, born in Framingham, July 18, 1742; was in Shelburne before 1772, removed to Conway about 1734, to Heath in 1801, taxed in Waitsfield in 1809; married Sarah Whitecomb; had three children of whom Sarah married Joseph Barnes of Worthington, and later settled in Waitsfield.

Jonathan Seaver, son of Josiah W., removed from Conway to Waitsfield in 1795; married Abigail Freeman; soldier, 1812; died April 14, 1854.

Jared Skinner, descended from John, who was one of Rev. Mr. Hooker's men who settled in Hartford; born in Colchester, Conn., November 18, 1751; went early to Shelburne, where he held numerous town offices; Revolutionary soldier; went to Waitsfield in 1795; town treasurer; selectman; married Abigail Nims, had four children all born in Shelburne; died February 25, 1838.

Eli Skinner, brother of Jared; born in Colchester, July 30, 1760; settled in Shelburne; went to Waitsfield in 1794; married Lucinda Nims; Revolutionary soldier; about 1835 went to Gouverneur, N. Y.; ten children, five oldest born in Shelburne and Conway.

Amasa Skinner, another brother, born in Colchester, March 16, 1762; went to Waitsfield from Shelburne, about 1798; representative; selectman; married Salome Bushnell; died January 15, 1833; ten children.

Orson Skinner, son of Jared; born in Shelburne, October 29, 1787; went to Waitsfield with his father; Colonel in militia; judge of county court; selectman; soldier in war of 1812; married (1) Dorothy Joslin, (2) Mrs. Content Taylor; died February 20, 1867; six children.

Daniel Skinner, born in Conway, March 2, 1786; went to Waitsfield as a child; married Minerva Joslin; died March 9, 1877; eleven children.

Salah Smith, descendant of Samuel Smith of Hadley who came over in the "Elizabeth" in 1634; born in Deerfield,

January 17, 1762; Revolutionary soldier; removed to Shelburne and then to Waitsfield in 1793; town clerk; selectman; first school teacher 1797; soldier in war 1812; married Mary, daughter of John and Mary (Nims) Taylor; died March 23, 1830; thirteen children.

Moses Smith, brother of Salah, born in Deerfield, October 19, 1766; resided in Shelburne until 1794, then in Deerfield, and went to Waitsfield about 1797; blacksmith; married Mary, daughter of Samuel and Mary (Nims) Childs; died December 12, 1820; twelve children.

Elijah Smith, brother of Salah; born in Deerfield, December 2, 1768; went to Waitsfield from Shelburne in 1794; soldier of war 1812; died August 18, 1823, very suddenly.

Ithamar Smith, son of Salah; born in Shelburne, June 6, 1787; went with his father to Waitsfield; deacon in Congregational church; selectman; married Ruth, daughter of Samuel and Abigail (Fisk) Barnard; died at Geneva, N. Y., where he removed late in life, February 10, 1862; seven children.

Rodney Smith, son of Salah, born in Shelburne, October 10, 1790; soldier of war 1812; married Betsey Rider; died at Gouverneur, N. Y., 1867; seven children.

Elias Taylor, son of Samuel (who was born in Deerfield, December 19, 1716, known as "Landlord Taylor"), was born at West Hoosac, Mass., June 27, 1756, while his father was a soldier there; after several removals settled in Waitsfield, about 1798; soldier in Revolutionary war; died May 26, 1829; had three wives and thirteen children.

Daniel Taylor, born in Shelburne, July 7, 1757; went to Waitsfield in 1792; charter member of the Congregational Church; selectman; died February 27, 1843; three wives and ten children.

Daniel Thayer, born in Orange, June 22, 1791; was in Waitsfield in 1823; drover and mill owner; married Lydia Holbrook; living in Littleton, N. H., in 1874; eight children.

Lewis Thayer, brother of Daniel; born in Orange, November 5, 1795; went to Waitsfield about 1845; died June 19, 1884; married Zerviah Carlton; four children.

John Wells, born probably in Hatfield, February 16,

1733-34; early settler at Shelburne, where he was first town clerk, and first selectman, serving in that capacity twenty years; member of committee of correspondence 1775 and after; marched as corporal on Lexington alarm and served as captain 1777 and 1780; no man was more prominent in Shelburne; removed to Waitsfield about 1799; married Tamar, daughter of Moses Rice of Charle-  
mont; died April 23, 1806; seven children; John the oldest lived in Boston and Deerfield.

Daniel Witherbee Wilder, born in Shutesbury, 1746; settled in Shelburne, and removed to Waitsfield in 1795; charter member of the church; married Elizabeth, daughter of John and Ruth (Catlin) Barnard; died about 1834; ten children born in Shelburne.

Levi Wilder, son of Daniel W., born in Shutesbury, August 24, 1772; went to Waitsfield with his father; selectman; married Lovina, daughter of Jared and Lovina (Nims) Skinner; died June 13, 1855; ten children.

Enos Wilder, born in Shelburne, April 21, 1779; went to Westfield as a boy; killed by fall of a tree, June 9, 1809; married Lovina Minor; one child.

Francis Wilder, born in Shelburne, June 12, 1791; cavalry man in war of 1812; selectman of Waitsfield in 1829; married Betsey Joslin; four children.

Here we find almost forty families, mostly from Shelburne, but all hailing from towns now in Franklin County, who have settled in this town of Waitsfield. The families were large and many of the elder children must have been young men and women, active members of society in the infant town.

A Congregational church was organized June 27, 1796, services being often conducted by Deacon John Barnard and by itinerant missionaries, the services probably being held in General Wait's barn, as it was voted in March, 1795, "that meetings on Sunday be held as nigh the centre as possible," and "voted and agreed that Benjamin Wait's barn be the place for holding of meetings on Sunday." The church organization adopted no articles of practice, but voted "to take the Bible for our rule." By 1801, the

church had become strong enough so that it was led to make provision for a settled pastor, and the society reorganized under a then recent law of the state of Vermont, giving better control of financial matters.

Rev. William Salisbury, a native of Braintree, recently graduated from Harvard College, became the settled pastor of the church in 1801, on the promise of a salary of \$166.66 to be advanced as the society was able until it reached \$266.66, payable one-half in money and the other half in wheat, rye, Indian corn, flax, butter, cheese and pork.

Frequent controversy arose as to the place of holding meetings, and the location of the proposed church building. So spirited was the quarrel that General Wait withdrew from the society, and did not return until after Mr. Chandler became pastor in 1810.

A meetinghouse was begun in 1807, being located upon the common by leave of the town; the work progressing so slowly that it was not dedicated until December 21, 1809. No means of heating the meetinghouse was provided during the twenty years that Mr. Chandler occupied the pulpit.

In 1807, the legislature of Vermont repealed the law under which the society was formed, and again the society were compelled to reorganize, this time as "The Congregational Society of Waitsfield." The old organization was at its lowest ebb. "The disturbance incident to the location of the meetinghouse, the irksomeness of the general tax for the support of the ministry, and the lack of harmony with the departing pastor and his flock, had all contributed to a condition of things which led the Council, called for the dismissal of Mr. Salisbury, to 'sympathize' with the church in its 'present unhappy difficulties' and express the wish: 'May you yet see good days.'"

Mr. Jones in his "History of Waitsfield" says: "The need of united action was clear and the committee of the society was soon instructed to procure preaching for the summer by 'some well recommended candidate.'"

What more natural than that these Shelburne parishioners of Rev. Dr. Theophilus Packard, with whom Amariah

Chandler, just fresh from college, had completed his theological course, should turn to him, to fill the vacancy. He was employed; and "from the beginning the wonderful influence of this strong man made itself manifest. Forthwith dissension gave place to united effort and lack of interest became eager enthusiasm." "Gen. Wait and other old time leaders renewed their allegiance."

October 16, 1809, the church extended to Mr. Chandler a unanimous call to become its pastor, and on the 31st the society united with the church in its call, and voted the following proposition:

"That we offer Mr. Chandler for a settlement the sum of five hundred dollars, to be paid in three annual payments, that is, two hundred dollars at the expiration of one year, two hundred at the expiration of two years, and one hundred at the expiration of three years from the time of his ordination.

"And that we offer him the sum of two hundred dollars salary for the first year, and to rise ten dollars each succeeding year for the term of ten years, and there to rest as a salary thereafter."

The offer was accepted by Mr. Chandler and a council was called for his ordination to be held February 6 and 7, 1810. At the ordination several Massachusetts churches were represented, Ezra Fisk being present from the Shelburne church. On the second day of the proceedings, the Council "heard a sermon read by Mr. Chandler, the Pastor Elect."

Quoting from Mr. Jones' admirable "History of Waitsfield": "When we consider how many of the active members of the Waitsfield church had come from Shelburne and vicinity it is not strange that they turned in their extremity to this promising young man, whom they had watched almost from his boyhood, and asked him and his young wife to settle among them. From the beginning his was a sure hand on the helm. A born leader, he was in truth the Shepherd of his flock, and wrought a noble work among them. Nothing more eloquently proclaims this fact than the peaceful routine of the records during his entire pas-

torate of twenty years, when read with the knowledge that during this period the church quadrupled in members."

The minister's small salary compelled him to eke out a living by the cultivation of a farm, a practice that he followed until he was more than eighty years of age, and during a portion of the time he taught school in the north-eastern district, to which section he removed after the sale of his river farm in 1821. In this school he "brought to the work the qualities that made him a leader in the ministry." All of Mr. Chandler's eight children were born in Waitsfield. The youngest, Susan Barron Jubilee Chandler, was born July 4, 1826, the "Jubilee" of American Independence (and for that reason she was named "Jubilee"), married Elihu G. Arms of Greenfield, and was the mother of the late Miss Mary E. Arms, and Mrs. G. Harry Kaulback, of Greenfield.

On June 25, 1829, Mr. Chandler signified his desire to dissolve his connection with the church, and gave the six months' notice required by the terms of his settlement, this action being dictated by the belief, which in later years he knew to be unfounded, that a change was advisable for both parties. On July 9, 1829, the society "reluctantly" accepted his notice, and on February 3, 1830, he was dismissed.

"For several years after the departure of Mr. Chandler the pastorate of this church fell to men whose stay was short and who made no lasting impression either upon the church or community." Troubles arose which "left the organization in a condition ill fitted to bear the loss of his guiding and strengthening hand. No pastor since Mr. Chandler, has enjoyed the supreme headship that he enjoyed, not because of lack of ability, and not wholly because of the tendency of the modern church to place the pastor in the position of a coworker, rather than a dictator, but in a large measure of this necessary taking-up-of-the-burden during those earlier years of trial."

After leaving Waitsfield, Mr. Chandler supplied with great satisfaction the church at Hardwick, Vermont, for about two years, and was thus employed when he received

his call to the pastorate of the First Church in Greenfield.

Greenfield, which then included within its borders the present town of Gill, had been set off as a District, from the old mother town of Deerfield in 1753. After much opposition from the church in Deerfield, with which the men who proposed the establishment of a church in the new district were connected, the First Church of Greenfield was organized March 28, 1754.

At the time the old society extended a call to Mr. Chandler, it was slowly recovering from a bitter fight over the location of a proposed new meetinghouse, which caused the disruption of the parish and the withdrawal of a large majority of the church members, for the purpose of organizing the Second Congregational Society of Greenfield. This vigorous young offshoot had organized under a special act of the Legislature in December, 1816, and erected a fine brick edifice opposite the village square, which was dedicated November 3, 1819. The ancient first society had torn down the old building which had been in use for nearly seventy years, and in 1831 had erected at Nash's Mills, about a mile west of the old location at the Four Corners, a brick meetinghouse, which had been dedicated January 18, 1832. The society had been without a settled pastor for about nine years, when Mr. Chandler accepted their invitation and was installed October 24, 1832. Soon after coming to Greenfield, Mr. Chandler purchased a farm on the Leyden road of Eli Graves, the father of the late Deacon John J. Graves. Here he lived for nine years and then sold it and purchased the small farm on "Music Hill," in the vicinity of the parish church, where he resided until his death. The "North Parish," as it came to be called, included most of the farming population of the town, and the people interested in manufacturing of woolens living in what is known as "Factory Hollow." It was an ideal parish for a person of the peculiar qualities and characteristics which Mr. Chandler possessed. The majority of the people of the parish were neither rich nor poor, but well to do in the world, owning fine farms well stocked and cared



for, constant at church, generous according to their means, and jealous of their rights and privileges. Taken as a whole, the parish was a fine example of the good old-fashioned New England yeomanry.

The late Samuel O. Lamb, in his charming reminiscences given to the Greenfield Girls' Club a few years since, said of Dr. Chandler, "he was a man of few books and much learning. His sermons, written in a hand so illegible that no one but himself could read them, were delivered with great deliberation and impressiveness. Dr. Chandler did not care much about his personal appearance and his general look was that of a farmer or laborer." He then told a story of a spruce young gentleman who came to the parsonage door and wished to see Mr. Chandler. Mrs. Chandler directed him to the field in the rear of the house. Going to the field he found an elderly man wearing a slouch hat, with his trousers rolled halfway to his knees above his bare feet, busily at work in the garden. The following conversation took place: "Mister, can you tell me where I can find Mr. Chandler?" "My name is Chandler." "Yes; but I mean Reverend Mr. Chandler." "Sometimes they call me Rev. Mr. Chandler." "I am looking for Reverend Doctor Chandler." "Oh, well; some people are so foolish that sometimes they call *me* Reverend Doctor Chandler."

His good wife found it almost impossible to get him to wear stockings, he liked to get his bare feet upon the ground. It is told of him that in 1824 he was chosen to preach the election sermon before the General Assembly of Vermont. He went to Montpelier on foot. Tradition has it that he presented himself at his hotel barefooted, and was made the butt of many jokes by men who were, next day, confounded by his able discourse.

It is said that it was his custom while in Waitsfield to walk barefooted toward church with his boots under his arms, until he came to a mountain stream near the meetinghouse, where he washed his feet and pulled his boots on. Mr. Jones says, "His habit of going barefooted clung to him through life, and gave rise to many amusing inci-

dents, far more embarrassing to others than to himself."

It was my blessed privilege to spend one whole summer in close companionship with the dear old man. Located in St. Louis in 1860, the coming on of the war put me out of business. I came east and boarded with my aunt and her husband, the late Dr. Stearns, who lived just across the road from the parsonage. Dr. Chandler was then seventy-eight years old. He had a young horse which, being not much used, was thought by his friends not safe for him to drive, and consequently he gave over its control to me. I had many delightful rides with him, for he was a most companionable man. We did all the parish business in a manner most satisfactory, at least, to the driver.

He told me of his early ambition to be a soldier; of his poverty; of his efforts to gain an education; of his hopes for the abolition of slavery; and we talked freely of personal religion.

I took the "Springfield Republican," and carried it over to him every day, for he was greatly interested in the war. One day after I had been helping him in his haying, as I stepped upon the threshold to hand him the paper through the open window he threw up his hands in apparent alarm, exclaiming, "Why, Frank, you're so black I thought you a thunder-cloud!"

One day I captured a fine lot of frogs, and cooking the legs up with all the skill of a French chef, arranged a plate and took them over to Dr. Chandler. "Hello, what have you got there?" "Something good." "Well, they look good; what are they?" "Frogs' legs." Taking up one he raised it to his mouth, "Em-brook! Em-brook! I can't go it."

It happened that upon the day of the weekly prayer-meeting there came up a terrible storm. Even Mrs. Chandler felt justified in remaining at home, but the Doctor attended as a matter of conscience. When he returned home Mrs. Chandler said, "Well, did you have a meeting?" "Oh, yes, we had a full meeting." "Who was there?" "Miss Catherine, the Lord, and I."

My old friend Rev. Charles C. Carpenter of Andover, the "Mr. Martin" of the "Conversation Corner," in the "Congregationalist," and many years the predecessor of Dr. Grenfell in his Labrador work, sends me much material from his inexhaustible "barrel" of clippings concerning Franklin County.

He was a son of old Dr. Carpenter of Bernardston, and lived in Greenfield while a young man. He knew Mr. Chandler well, and tells this story of him.

When a lad of ten years, Charles had the contract to drive his father's and the minister's cows to and from the pasture. He had then (and it still continues), the habit of being "on time," his motto being "Do it Now." One Sunday morning he went for the minister's cow and found that she had not been milked. He rustled round, making quite a noise, whistled, and soon Mr. Chandler appeared upon the scene. He told him his troubles, and Mr. Chandler said, "I'll milk the cow." Taking off his black coat and hanging it on the barn-yard fence, he proceeded to "finish his job" as though he liked it. Mr. Carpenter adds: "This incident was characteristic of the man." To him "gay clothing" and elegant appearance were not necessary to make a man—it was goodness and truth and honesty inside he wanted to see.

In a souvenir of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Waitsfield church, sent me by friend Carpenter, I find much in eulogy of Mr. Chandler, and several stories regarding his wit and humor. He boarded while in college with his sister who lived some distance from the city, and young Chandler soon made his appearance at recitation, barefooted as usual. His class objected and passed resolutions "that every member should have his shoes with him at college exercises." The next day he appeared with his shoes under his arm. The next day the class amended: "his shoes on his feet." In a spirit of insubordination, Chandler appeared with his shoes strapped on the top of his feet. Another amendment followed: "his shoes and his feet in them." Then gracefully stating his reasons, he acquiesced.

After he became quite aged, to a friend who reproved him for going barefooted, especially in such frosty weather, he said, "I always loved to go barefooted, I suspect that I must have been born barefoot." He added that he "had to give up preaching in Waitsfield because I was mistaken for a half crazy man."

In the early days of tobacco raising in the Connecticut Valley some people were troubled about the moral principle involved in its culture, perhaps among others Dr. Chandler had his doubts.

At one time when calling on his brother-in-law, the late Lucius Nims, he noticed that a fine piece of greensward in front of the house had been turned over. He said, "Lucius, what are you going to put in there?" "Tobacco." "Huh! You tear up the Lord's carpet to put in the Devil's weed!"

In 1853, Dr. Chandler was persuaded to stand as the Democratic candidate for membership of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention. The Whigs nominated Hon. George T. Davis as their candidate, certainly one of the brightest and best equipped lawyers of Greenfield, but Dr. Chandler carried off the honors and was elected. Among the other Franklin County members of the convention were Henry W. Cushman of Bernardston, Gen. James S. Whitney of Conway, Henry K. Hoyt of Deerfield, Josiah Allis of Whately, Whiting Griswold representing Erving, and Daniel Wells Alvord, representing Montague. Mr. S. O. Lamb in his reminiscences said that in his opinion, "that gathering included as much of the learning and political ability of the state as ever came together." He also related that after the convention closed, Mr. Lucius Nims said to Dr. Chandler, "Did you not feel hesitation in meeting all of these great men?" "Oh, no," said Dr. Chandler, "I have seen many men, but I find that when they get their jackets off, they are all about alike." He soon gained a high place in the estimation of that body, and was once spoken of as the "wise man of Greenfield." In one of his addresses he said that "When freedom drew her last breath it would be among the hill towns of Franklin County."

Dr. Chandler was appointed upon the committee which

had in charge "so much of the constitution as relates to encouragement of literature." He was by no means a silent member of the convention. He spoke at length, urging that provision be made so that no part of the public money should ever be used for the support of sectarian or denominational schools.

In arguing with Charles Sumner, Francis William Bird, George N. Briggs and others in favor of the insertion, in the Bill of Rights, of a provision that "no person should be molested for worshipping God in manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience, or for his profession or sentiments concerning religion; provided he doth not disturb the public peace or obstruct others in their religious worship," Mr. Chandler said: "When I first read this resolution, I supposed that it was intended to throw open the whole arena to free and perfect competition, and not that any consequences would be likely to follow, such as have been suggested by the gentleman from Salem [Otis P. Lord] and the gentleman from Pittsfield [George N. Briggs]—gentlemen who are versed in the law, and who are more capable of judging than I am. . . . I do not know but that my friends will think that I am taking a very strange course for a man in my position; but what I am about to state I have held for years—I have declared my views in the private circle, I have declared them publicly in my own pulpit, and I am ready to declare them in this assembly. I have no sympathy with the Atheist, who denies the God who made him; I have no sympathy with the Deist, who denies the Saviour who bought him with his blood; and least of all have I any sympathy with the professed Christian minister, who acknowledges Jesus as his highest ideal of human greatness and virtue, and in the same connection proves him guilty of falsehood. No, sir! but I hold to free competition. I never feel that the citadel of truth is safe, while surrounded by bulwarks of human erection; but, in maintaining the cause of the Bible, I will retreat into the citadel, and open every door, and there defy the world. It appears strange to me that men should often seem to be so afraid of the consequences

of certain things. It was but a year or two since, that I was conversing with a gentleman high in civil society, of education, and in an honorable profession, who expressed great fears that geology was going to disprove the Bible; and with another one who was mightily afraid that the science of phrenology would overthrow the Bible. It appears to me that they really did not believe the Bible. I have such a conviction in the truth of the Holy Scriptures, that I say, only leave the Bible free, and leave its friends free to defend and advocate its truth, and you may leave all the opposition in the world free to attack it; I have no fears of the result.

“Let them come into free competition; let every kind of error and delusion speak, only let truth be free to speak in turn, and I fear not. For this reason I approve of this resolution, and hope that it will pass.”

On the question of whether the judges should instruct juries in the law, applicable to the case upon trial, he said in part: “I rise for information. I am not discussing the subject as a lawyer; I am not discussing it as a politician; I look at it simply as a country farmer; as a plain man who makes pretensions to a little common sense, but who claims, by no means, to be overburdened even with that. If I understand anything of the duty of a jurymen, it is to take the law as his rule, apply it to the conduct of the prisoner at the bar; and by careful comparison, to judge whether the man is guilty or not guilty. This, I suppose is universally admitted; if admitted, now I ask, where am I to obtain my rule? Where am I to obtain that knowledge of law upon which I may rely, so to use it without hesitation as the rule by which to judge of that man’s conduct? This is the information which I want, and I have waited here and listened with great anxiety to have the learned gentlemen who have spoken upon this question tell me where I shall obtain that knowledge of the law that will answer to rely upon in this case.” As a member of the committee upon literature, he made a strong speech upon the raising of a fund for the support of common schools, and another heaping ridicule upon the proposition to have two

grades of justices of the peace. Greenfield did not suffer in reputation because of having sent Amariah Chandler to the Constitutional Convention.

When the news of the capture of Fort Sumter was received, the people of the North Parish were as much excited and as ready to show their patriotic zeal as were those of any other community. A meeting was held in the hall in the Science Hill schoolhouse, when Mr. Chandler made a patriotic address, and the hall was christened in his honor, "Chandler Hall." The church services were opened with "America" sung by the choir, and Mr. Chandler spoke with feeling of the country's perils. The Stars and Stripes waved from the church steeple. June 14, when the Greenfield company led by Captain E. E. Day (who was soon to prove his love for his country by laying down his life for it), and the Shelburne company, were paraded before the Greenfield armory, Dr. Chandler standing in a wagon with the white hair of his bared head falling over his shoulders, looking every bit a patriarch, made a touching farewell address. It was when the 52d regiment left for the front that in his prayer he besought the Ruler of all, that none of these men might be shot in the back.

I remember that during this exciting period, Dr. Chandler exchanged pulpits with a brother minister in the western part of the county, who during the service, earnestly prayed for the success of the Union army, and fervently petitioned the Lord of Hosts that the rebel army might be driven "Back, back, back, even back into the Gulf of Mexico!"

Hon. Charles Allen in a reminiscent letter written for a public occasion, said: "I recall several noteworthy features of the life and society of Greenfield. In the first place take three clergymen: Titus Strong, Amariah Chandler and John F. Moors. Each one of these furnished an example of true Christian service, faithful indeed to his own doctrinal beliefs, but not bound by narrow lines of his own parish or denomination, and taking for his neighbor every one whom he could serve, and a general fellowship in good works. That is the kind of minister that the times demand to-day.

Hon. John E. Russell in a similar letter told the story that at a meeting of an association, Dr. Chandler was asked if there was much vital piety in his parish. He replied, "Not enough to boast of."

A story is told that after he became very old and weak, his physician advised him to take a little stimulant every day. The old man objected; he did not like the idea, but the doctor insisted: "Just take a little,—a tablespoonful." Not a great while after the physician on his complaint of feeling weak, asked, "Do you take that stimulant?" "No, I don't, I've quit it." "Why not?" "Well, I'll tell you; when I found myself hunting for the biggest spoon in the house, I thought it time to stop!"

Mr. Chandler's first wife died June 10, 1833, the next year after his settlement in Greenfield. In 1835, his eldest son removed from Waitsfield to Greenfield with his wife, his father deeding him half of his farm. November 17, 1840, Mr. Chandler married Mrs. Mary (Nims) Roberts, a sister of Thomas, Albert and Lucius Nims, of Greenfield. Mrs. Roberts had a son about eleven years of age who lived with his uncle Lucius, and attended school in the lower meadows. Mr. Chandler was a member of the school committee and going to visit the school thought it nice to take Mrs. Roberts along. Horace, her son, remembered that when he left home after dinner, she was unusually busy, and was somewhat surprised that she found time to visit the school. So, when the school exercises were about to close, and the scholars were called upon for their Bible verses, he arose and quoted, "She left all and followed him."

Mrs. Mary Chandler kept a diary nearly all her life. I have before me that portion which began May 1, 1843, and ended when she was taken suddenly ill, from which attack she died March 4, 1852, aged 65 years.

A few extracts will give an insight into the daily life of a popular country minister, of that period.

1843.

May 13. My husband walked to Bernardston to exchange with Mr. Jones. Snow drifts about yet.



21. Sabbath. 3 services, one at Factory Hollow; discourse to young men.

29. Monday morning 6 o'clock started for Whitingham; took dinner at Squire Tucker's; supper at T. Bowens; slept at brother James Roberts [a brother of her first husband].

30. Called on Mrs. Averill, Wilmington—Mrs. Charles K. Field, Fayetteville (court in session)—slept at brother John's in Townshend. [Judge John Roberts was also a brother of her first husband.]

31. Returned to our pleasant home—good ride—good visit—saw a number of old snow drifts in Whitingham—one beside the road four or five feet deep.

June 7. Husband gone to Heath to help quarrel.

14. Husband gone to South Deerfield to help quarrel. [Mr. Chandler was in great demand as a peace-maker.]

28. We attended the general Association of ministers at Sunderland; took dinner at Rev. Mr. Carey's.

29. Rev. Mr. Munger, missionary from India, and Rev. Mr. Barber of Dummerston, Vt., took breakfast here.

July 1. Had company every day this week.

25. Husband gone to Warwick to attend an Association. Rev. Miller & Fisher of Heath stayed here last night. Rev. Boardman called.

28. Husband gone to Shelburne to exchange with Rev. T. Packard, Jr.

Aug. 20. Husband gone to exchange with Rev. Mr. Miller of Heath.

Oct. 3. Great flood—carried off all bridges on Green River.

13. Husband gone to help the Dr. and Deacon quarrel about animal magnetism.

22. Exchanged with Rev. Cummings of Buckland.

23. Went to Heath to help quarrel, gone three days—did not get them fixed up.

30. Two men from Whately called to ask how to quarrel decently.

31. Husband started at 5 o'clock a. m. for Charlemont; quarrel going on there.

Nov. 1. Stayed with mother [the old Nims homestead] last night. Home and milked my two cows long before sun-rise.

14. Association of ministers met here; 21 different ministers—some came in sleighs and some in wagons. All things went on pleasantly without any accident.

30. Thanksgiving. Mr. Chandler took his text from the proclamation: "That people whose God is the Lord." A good sermon if *he is my husband*.

Dec. 3. Husband exchanged with Mr. Canning of Gill.

4. Washed. Clothes all out before sunrise.

20. Rev. L. L. Langstroth ordained over the 2nd parish to-day.

25. Rose as usual at 4 o'clock. After work was done we visited Country Farms school; called at Capt. Adams, Job Graves, Mr. Moores, Wheelock's, Mrs. (Sol) Arms, Mr. Pratt's, and home to supper.

27. Made candles. Husband gone to Shelburne to a council.

28. Mrs. (Justin) Root brought us a turkey.

In 1844, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler made a journey in their carriage to visit his old parish at Waitsfield. Perhaps Mrs. Chandler's account of their trip may be interesting.

June 24. Started on our journey to Vermont; slept at Townshend the first night. [Probably at Judge Roberts'.]

25. Called on Rev. Graves and Judge Shafter. [A very celebrated Vermont lawyer who afterwards went to California.] Rode through Chester, Springfield, Perkinsville; washed myself in Black river—beautiful scenery—stayed at Reading—read the monument.

26. Rode to Woodstock—called on Mrs. Knights—then on to Queechy village in Hartford to find Moses [probably Mr. Chandler's second son] found him not; went in pursuit of him to Sharon—not there—rode along the banks of White river [now, but under what different circumstances, they are on the route of the Deerfield captives who traveled that historic road one hundred and forty years before them]—enraptured with the clear smooth waters; our own Connecticut is not so fair; husband bathed in it at night in Bethel, where we stayed.

27. Lowery day—rode to Montpelier—good and agreeable society.

28. Rode to Hardwick, through Woodbury. [Here Mr. Chandler supplied for two years, after leaving Waitsfield.] Hardwick is a fine town, its inhabitants are rich, refined and interesting. Received us with great hospitality, evinced a warm attachment for Mr. Chandler; he preached to a crowded house; their warm congratulations affected me, even to tears. After meeting Mr. Lemuel French put a two dollar bill into my hands. [Several others whom she names forced upon her money and presents.] Our first home was at Col. Warner's; our last at Mr. Fuller's. We rode to the Greensboro' pond or lake—saw guide boards directing to Canada—visited Mr. Delano's; Rev. Loomis with Rev. Hubbard, whose wife was a daughter of a former minister of S. Hadley; at Mr. Goodridges—made many calls—the last at Squire Bell's whose daughter was being married and going, I think, to Illinois.

July 2. Continued our journey; stayed at Judge Fuller's in Cabot.

3. At Montpelier—went into the Statehouse—what a building for N. E.—it cost the lives of two men and one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars—called on Parson Wright's widow, and stayed at Luthur Graves' in Duxbury.

4. Called on Mrs. R. and Mr. C. Wells, Waterbury, on Onion river; reached Waitsfield; called on friends too numerous to mention names; all seemed affectionate and glad to receive us—found lots of cousins whom I never saw before.

7. Husband held forth in same old pulpit he had occupied for twenty years. A full, attentive audience, manifesting as at Hardwick a warm love for him whom they termed their "good minister," and I *think* as they *talk*.

8. Left Waitsfield, crossed the mountain to Bolton, stayed at Deacon E. Graves in Jericho, at the foot of Mansfield mountain, the highest in the state. We passed through Burlington on Lake Champlain, spent some time in the place—the burying ground—the colleges, manufactories, &c. Burlington bay and Shelburne bay are handsome sheets of water. After driving through Charlotte, we were overtaken by a shower and stayed at Ferrisburg on the little Otter creek.

10. Passed through the city of Vergennes on Otter creek near the lake. Not much to be seen. Rode on this sluggish stream most of the day. Stopped at Middlebury; had a fine view of the town and its colleges. Passed along near Salisbury pond to Brandon on the same river, where we were overtaken by a violent storm and stayed. Otter creek is more rapid as we proceed up.

11. Went through Pittsford, Rutland, Clarendon, Wallingford and Danby, and stayed at Dorset, which was the longest day's ride that we had.

12. Along the base of Spencer mountain through Manchester; saw its seminary on a pleasant eminence near the mountain. On through Sunderland, Shaftsbury, where we visited an ancient and full burying ground, saw a monument dated ten years before the Revolution—passed on and tipped over—no damage done but a torn de-lane; reached Bennington in safety, having never slept in the same bed twice, during the whole three weeks' journey.

13. Feel at home with the good Mrs. Loomis. [Daughter of Elishu Goodman of Greenfield.] Husband held forth in the morning—missionary in p. m.

15. Called on Deacon Brown, turnpike gate at Woodford—over the mountain through Searsburg, on top of which is a pond and a house, to Wilmington. Called at Green Mountain hotel near the great tannery, shut all in by the mountains. Slept at brother James Roberts, Whitingham.

16. Rainy. My husband attended the funeral of a Mr. Morley, aged 41. He left seven little children.

17. Had a good meal of raspberries on the road—took dinner at Deacon Fisk's (in Shelburne), and reached pleasant Music Hill about three o'clock with a joyful and thankful heart. Praised be my protector and keeper of my friends.

Sep. 7. Husband gone to Bernardston on foot to exchange with Mr. Kendall. 1845.

Jan. 1. Old folks are not apt to find new things, but I never saw *this* year before.

March 9. Husband gone to kissing council; Northfield minister kissed a widow; dismissed Mr. Farmer.

1846.

Jan. 21. Husband went to Bloody Brook to help them quarrel; stayed three days.

This year Mr. Chandler was made a Doctor of Divinity by the Vermont University. This causes Mrs. Chandler to make the following entry:

Oct. 3. Dr. Packard here. By the way—Dad and I are D. D. Woe to the old door-steps.

1847.

April 8. Husband walked to Colrain to exchange with Rev. Horatio Flagg.

21. Minister company; Mr. Wilder and wife stayed over night; Mr. Kendall and wife and two children called about noon; spent the afternoon; Mr. Flagg, wife and one child here to tea.

19. Husband gone to Deerfield to assist in dismissing Rev. H. Seymour, a meek, good man, we think,—sorry to lose him.

June 3, 1848. Husband walked to Gill to exchange with Mr. Miller.

May 10, 1850. Got so far through regulating matters and things that I can sit down easy and rest my old weary limbs, and calm my weak disturbed mind. The Franklin Association met here on the 7th at noon and left the 8th at noon. 33 ministers attended—good help—good weather—and all went off swimmingly, except that the puddings wanted about ten minutes more bake

Made all the preparations alone, for the river was up so that Harriet [Harriet Smead, a cousin] could not get here, and Cordelia [Mrs. Lucius Nims] was sick. We have had three Associations within seven years and have been prospered in all.

July 30. Husband gone again—most as good be without a husband; good when he is at home though; gone now to attend the Association at Wendell.

Sept. 5, 1851. Visited with the Nash sisters; waded the river to come home; building a new bridge.

11. Walked to the river; waded across again and spent the afternoon with sister at Lucius'. Husband came in the evening; walked over the river on sleepers at one end and a plank at the other, home. Old woman of 65, how you do brag!

Jan. 22, 1852. A heavy tray fell from a high cupboard on the back of my head.

24. Taken suddenly ill and faint; I know not what it was; Husband and the doctor think it was apoplectic; confined to my bed two days. Blessed be God who has spared my life. My husband is exceeding kind—so are all my friends. Written Feb. 8, the first writing.

This is the last entry in her diary. She died March 4.

Mr. Chandler married for his third wife, Mrs. Eliza B. Gleason of Colrain, October 2, 1855. She survived her husband a few months, dying January 11, 1865, aged 75. I well remember his leading his bride by the hand up the aisle to his family pew, the Sunday after their marriage.

Quite a number of Dr. Chandler's sermons were printed and several are preserved in the library of this Association. Among others is a Thanksgiving sermon preached to his congregation at Waitsfield one hundred years ago come next Thanksgiving. There is in it more of warning against the perils of sin, than of the love and mercy of God which marked his sermons later when I was a lad. On March 7, 1858, he delivered to his parishioners a discourse giving reminiscences of the fifty years which had passed since he received his license to preach. His text was, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue to this day, saying no other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come." Acts xxvi: 22. He began by saying, "We take so little note of time that we scarcely perceive its flight. We spend our years as a tale that is told. We hear the incidents of the story—laugh perhaps, or perhaps we weep—but of useful impression, none remains. The great reason why we do not become wise by the expe-

rience of our fathers, or by our own even, is that we do not consider the passing incidents sufficiently to profit by them.

“Fifty years ago come next Tuesday, I received from the Franklin (then the Hampshire North) Association of Ministers, license to preach the gospel. This portion of time I mean briefly to review. To give a particular or even a general history of it would be a work far beyond me. . . . If I should talk more of myself than is agreeable, please to remember the privilege of age is to be loquacious and egotistical, and kindly pass it by. . . . The Association by which I was licensed met at Dr. Newton’s in this town, in November, 1808, and was composed of Rev. Messrs. Roger Newton, D. D., of Greenfield, John Emerson of Conway, Jonathan Grout of Hawley, and Josiah Spaulding of Buckland. Grave and venerable men! How much like a child I felt in their presence! How sternly does imagination resist the fact that the oldest of them was not as old as I am now, by six years. . . . Where are they now? A bell has tolled, a crowd has assembled—prayer has ascended—a few words of sympathy and condolence have been spoken—the tones of a mournful dirge have died away, a procession has moved and stood by an open grave—the sound of falling earth, followed by the sobs of the mourners, and the gentle lifting of hats in token of a last adieu, have told the tale of each in his turn—*he is dead*.

“Fifty years ago children were numerous, much more numerous in proportion than now. . . . I was acquainted with one family which sent eleven children to the district school at the same time, and yet the oldest son was at home assisting his father, and two little ones with their mother, not old enough for school. Farmers’ houses might often remind us of a hive; not only from the perpetual hum of the spinning wheel and other implements of household industry, but from the numbers which morning by morning during the school term, swarmed forth from the door. Where is that host of children that used to crowd our old-fashioned schoolhouses and make the welkin ring with their merry shout when ‘just let out to play’? A few remain; but what is their position? The infant of a day

has now put on the airs of age; the boy of ten is actually the gray old man of sixty. The infant girl, who wept and smiled in her mother's arms, not old enough to enjoy her doll, now smooths the hair of her grandchild, and the attractive beauty of eighteen or twenty now rocks the cradle of the fourth generation.

‘Our days run thoughtlessly along  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story or a song,  
We pass our lives away.’

“Yes, and all, who can remember fifty years ago, may join with me and reverently say, ‘Having obtained help of God we continue to this day.’ Paul could say of his preaching—‘Saying no other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come.’ Aided as he was from on high, he was above error and of course during his whole ministry had no occasion to change or modify his preaching, either in substance or manner of presentation. It is not so with me. I have been constrained to vary considerably from the theology in which I was carefully instructed in my youth. Not that I have renounced any principle of revealed truth which I then believed; but some things I understand differently, and as I think, better than I once did.

“Fifty years ago the Unitarian controversy had commenced and was in full progress. It began the year before about the settlement of Rev. Samuel Willard, in Deerfield. . . . I was out of the state at that time not having finished my course in college. When I returned, some time in October, the moral atmosphere was dark and stormy with the controversy. I do not think that I ever witnessed a controversy so violent as that, unless it was the political controversy from 1809 to 1815.

“. . . Within the time that the speaker has been connected with you, my beloved friends, there have been in the Franklin Association, as nigh as I can recollect, and I am sure that I am not far from right, no less than sixty-six settlements and fifty-five dismissals, and six deaths.

The fact is appalling! fifty-five dismissals within the period of twenty-six years!

“. . . . It is happy for me, my beloved friends—I wish that I could say with the same confidence it has been well for you—that whatever may have been your predilections, you have insisted on no such thing. You have borne with the plain discourses and unpolished ways of your old pastor, old when he came to you, during these twenty and six years, accounted a long ministry at this day, even out of Franklin county. You continue to bear with him still, while he is conscious of failing in every point but one—his love to you and your children. Time, which has spread weakness and decay upon every other faculty, has produced no effect on the heart, unless it be to mature and mellow its fruit. So it is now, and while I live my prayer for you and yours, I trust, will be that you may be saved.

“. . . . Here allow me to express my thanks to Him by whose help ‘I have continued to this day, that He has allowed me to narrate these things and to give this testimony.’ And now, ‘knowing that shortly I must put off this my earthy tabernacle,’ and disappear from among men, as most of my coevals have done, I desire your prayers that I may spend the remnant of my days as is becoming an old man, an old professor of religion, an old minister of the gospel. As a conclusion of the whole matter, I would say, in the words of the Apostle, ‘Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.’”

One Thanksgiving Day, 1857, Dr. Chandler preached a sermon upon “The Times,” bewailing the depression which existed at that time. Before the closing of the sermon he asked his people to reduce his salary from four hundred dollars a year, to three hundred, as he said that he could live on less than he was now getting. To the credit of the parish his request was refused.

The Ladies Sewing Circle of the parish, over which Mrs. Lucius Nims presided, immediately took the matter up, and resolved that instead of allowing Dr. Chandler’s salary

to be reduced, that there should be added to it one hundred dollars a year, and the committee of ways and means decided to raise the money by holding "Interviews," at their residences, and charging a small admittance fee, and incidentally provide a market for their handiwork. These gatherings became immensely popular, and were kept up all through the fall, winter, and spring of 1857-58. Very many from the different societies in the village attended, and the result was to greatly increase the feeling of good fellowship among the different religious societies. The ladies met in the afternoons and took tea with their hostess, and "at early candle-light" came the men, young women and children.

The culminating event of the evening was the reading of "The Salmagundi," by the proud male editor and the blushing assistant of his choice, whose pages recorded the current events of the parish, very creditable literary articles, and sage and witty allusions to events of interest which might happen in the future. Games were played in which old and young joined with delightful freedom, and evident enjoyment.

The treasurer made her rounds and gathered in the shekels which proved ample for the purpose for which they were intended. Then came the "good byes," and the "come agains," as the big green sleigh, and the stylish single turnout, bore away their precious loads of happy old and young.

So successful were these "Interviews," that a diary kept at that time mentions attendance of 136, and from that up to 300 at one gathering held at the house of William N. Nims, who then lived in the old Ewer's tavern place, now the home of Hon. Frank Gerrett. Here was an ancient dancing hall which could well accommodate the unusual number.

At a later time this hall was used for the purpose of giving the drama of "Neighbor Jackwood," with such success that "by request" it was repeated to the great satisfaction of an audience which filled the hall. The considerable amount of net proceeds was devoted to the sewing society funds.



One would hardly select the two sisters who took the parts of the "Heroine" and the "Angel," for those positions to-day, notwithstanding that they "did their duty nobly" at the time.

March 31, 1863, Rev. Daniel H. Rogan was settled as the colleague of Dr. Chandler, but the Doctor still frequently occupied his pulpit up to within a few months of the time of his decease, which occurred October 20, 1864. He was greatly venerated and beloved. "He was a pure-hearted gentle soul; the words that he spoke, like his Master's, were words of spirit and life, and therefore the common people, and *all* the people, heard him gladly."

I have recently discovered a communication written soon after Dr. Chandler's decease to the "Gazette," bearing the initials, "T. P." (well known to us older people as those of Rev. Theophilus Packard, Jr.), giving information regarding Dr. Chandler's early life. He writes: "His pastor (Rev. Dr. Packard) in visiting school, as ministers sometimes did sixty years ago, discovered in young Amariah a propensity for innocent, humorous, cunning roguery, and native shrewdness, and talent somewhat remarkable. In an old building in that out-of-the-way district where the school was held, may now be seen marks of his juvenile operations, of which he recently said when looking at them in the presence of the owner: 'There, Elisha, are the marks of my youthful folly.' His pastor proposed to his parents to have him live with him, commence study and make payment by doing chores. This was the beginning of his preparation for professional life. In his earlier years he had an intense ambition to become a soldier, and would sometimes sleep out of doors, and in cold weather plunge into the water when he had to cut a hole in the ice for that purpose, to *harden* himself for a military life. In 1801, during a time of religious interest connected with the preaching of the distinguished Dr. Alexander in Shelburne, he enlisted as a soldier of the Cross, and has been a valiant and successful defender of truth and righteousness.

"So straitened were his circumstances that he went from Shelburne to college at Burlington on foot and car-

ried all his clothing in his handkerchief, his selection of *that* college being that he could board with his sister who lived in Burlington. The writer in his early boyhood having been tossed on the lap of this departed friend in his hours of relaxation from study, and having received valued tokens of his friendship, having exchanged pulpit service with him for long years, and looked upon his remains in shroud and coffin, is constrained to exclaim: 'Your fathers; where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?'

"He was greatly respected and his counsel extensively sought among the ministers and churches of Vermont, where he stood in the foremost rank of judicious advisers, able theologians, and impressive preachers. Endowed with vigorous mind he had been accustomed to great independence of thought and opinion. He was not so much inclined to read the opinions of others as to investigate subjects for himself by severe thinking. He sometimes differed from the views of the masses around him and of his brethren in the ministry. He was a worthy example of frugality, economy, and gospel simplicity."

The Franklin Association, at a meeting held after Dr. Chandler's decease, passed resolutions in which they said of him that he was "A man of superior abilities, an independent thinker, of a child-like beautiful simplicity, a lover of nature, of its sweetness (as he said in his last sickness), free from false ambition and conceit, magnanimous, social in his nature, genial in spirit, humorous even in trouble, rich in good will, mindful of children, thoughtful of others' feelings, sympathizing, a hater of oppression, deeply patriotic, a friend of his race, alive to the present, abreast of the age in its onward movements, one of nature's noblemen. He died respected and beloved by all who knew him, comforted and upheld by the glorious truths which he had by word and example for fifty-six years commended to his fellow men."

"He dwelt within a charmed space  
With infinite mercies girt around;  
By Conscience held fast to that place  
Where he a simple duty found.

“His world was small, but yet how wide  
 The prospect from its pleasant shore!  
 He saw upon the other side  
 Bright-visaged angels beckoning o'er.”

There appeared in the public prints about 1852, a little poem entitled “The Aged Pastor.” Its authorship was attributed to Rev. Dr. Titus Strong of Greenfield, as a tribute to his colaborer, Dr. Amariah Chandler. Had the modest author attached his name, it would have saved much speculation in regard to *by* whom, and *for* whom it was written. However, after “Mr. Martin’s” thorough examination into its authorship, there can be but little doubt that Dr. Strong who wrote many short poems was its author, and Dr. Chandler the worthy recipient of the great honor.

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#### THE AGED PASTOR.

He stands in the desk, that grand old man,  
 With an eye still bright, tho’ his cheek is wan,  
 And his long white locks are backward rolled  
 From his noble brow of classic mold;  
 And his form, tho’ bent with the weight of years,  
 Somewhat of its primal beauty wears.

He opens the page of the Sacred Word,  
 Not a whisper, loud or low, is heard;  
 Every folly assumes a serious look  
 As he readeth the words of the Holy Book,  
 And the thoughtless and gay grow reverent there  
 As he opens his lips in fervent prayer.

He stands as the grave old prophet stood,  
 Proclaiming the truth of the living God;  
 Pouring reproof on the ears of men,  
 Whose hearts are at ease in folly and sin,  
 With a challenge of guilt still unforgiven  
 To the soul unfitted, unmeet for heaven.

O, who can but honor the good old man,  
 As he neareth his three score years and ten,  
 Who has made it the work of his life to bless  
 Our world in its woe and wickedness;  
 Still guiding the few that were wont to stray  
 In paths of sin, to the narrow way.

With a kindly heart, through the lapse of years,  
He hath shared your joys, he hath wiped your tears,  
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride,  
He hath stood by the couch when loved ones died,  
Pointing the soul to a glorious heaven  
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.

Methinks ye will weep another day,  
When the good old man has passed away,  
When the last of his ebbing sands have run,  
When his labor is o'er and his work is done.  
Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold  
When his pulse is still and his heart is cold?

We'll miss him then; every look and tone  
So familiar now,—forever gone,—  
Will thrill the heart with inward pain,  
And ye'll long and listen for them in vain,  
When a stranger form and stranger face  
Shall stand in your honored pastor's place.

















